RAILROADS

N. & W. R. R. Norfolk and Western R.R

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT OCTOBER 30, 1892

WESTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.

7:40 a. m. (Washington and Chattanooga limited) for Bristol and beyond. Stops only at Radford. Pullman sleepers to New Orleans, Memphis and Nashville. Dining car attached.

8:00 a. m. for Radford, Pulaski, Bristol and all intermediate stations; also for Bluefield, Pocahontas, Elkhorn, Clinch Valley Division and Louisville via Norton. Pullman sleeper to Louisville via Norton.

7:50 p. m. for Radford, Pulaski, and Bristol also for Bluefield-Ohio extension; leaves Bluefield 6:10 a. m. daily for Kenova, Columbus and the West. Pullman sleepers to Memphis via Chattanooga.

NORTH AND EASTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.

7:15 a. m. for Petersburg, Richmond and Norfolk.

12:45 p. m. for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadelphia and New York. Pullman sleeper Roanoke to New York, via Harrisburg and P. R. R.

12:45 p. m. daily for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman parlor car to Norfolk, connects at Lynchburg (Union station) with Durham division.

5:10 p. m. for Buena Vista and intermediate stations. No connections beyond.

9:45 p. m. for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman sleeper to Norfolk and Lynchburg to Richmond.

12:45 night (Washington and Chattanooga limited) for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadelphia and New York. Pullman sleepers to Washington via Shenandoah Junction and New York via Harrisburg. Dining car attached. Stops only at Basic, Shenandoah, Luray, Shenandoah, Junction, Shepherdstown, Antietam, Grimes and St. James.

Durham Division—Leave Lynchburg (Union station) and 3:15 p. m. daily for South Boston and Durham and intermediate stations.

Winston-Salem Division—Leave Roanoke (Union station) 9:45 a. m. daily for Rocky Mount Martinsville, Winston-Salem and intermediate stations.

For all additional information apply at ticket office or to W. B. BEVILL, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.

S. A. & O. R. R. CO.

TIME TABLE TO TAKE EFFECT 12:01 A. M TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1891.

WEST BOUND. First Class. No. 3. Passenger. Daily, Except Sunday.	No. 1. Passenger. Daily.	STATIONS.	EAST BOUND. First Class. No. 2. Passenger. Daily, Except Sunday.	No. Passenger. Daily.
p.m.	a m.		a.m.	p.m
2.10	8.00	Lv. Bristol.	Ar. 11.20	5.30
2.27	8.17	Walker's Mountain.	11.03	5.12
2.35	8.25	Benham's.	10.55	5.05
2.53	8.43	Phillip's Switch.	10.37	4.47
2.57	8.47	Abram's Falls.	10.33	4.43
3.03	8.53	Mendota.	10.27	4.37
3.19	9.09	Mace Springs.	10.11	4.21
3.31	9.21	Hilton's.	9.59	4.09
3.39	9.29	Nottingham's.	9.51	4.01
3.45	9.35	Moccasin Gap.	9.45	3.55
3.50	9.40	Gate City.	9.40	3.50
4.00	9.50	Marble Quarry.	9.29	3.40
4.10	10.00	Big Cut.	9.20	3.30
4.30	10.10	Spear's Ferry.	9.10	3.20
4.25	10.15	Tate's Switch.	9.05	3.15
4.28	10.18	Clinchport.	9.02	3.12
4.34	10.24	Natural Tunnel.	8.56	3.06
4.44	10.34	Horton's Summit.	8.46	2.56
4.51	10.41	Duffield.	8.39	2.49
4.58	10.48	Wiseley's.	8.32	2.42
5.04	10.54	Ward's Mill.	8.26	2.36
5.19	11.09	Wild Cat Summit.	8.11	2.21
5.35	11.25	East Big Stone Gap.	7.55	2.05
5.40	11.30	Ar. Big Stone Gap.	Lv. 7.50	2.00
p.m.	noon		a.m.	p.m.

D. H. CONKLIN, General Superintendent. C. L. BUNTING, G. P. A.

ROANOKE STREET RAILWAY SCHEDULE.

SALEM DUMMY LINE.

EAST. Lv. Salem.	Ar. Roanoke.	WEST. Lv. Roanoke.	Ar. Salem
6:15 a.m.	6:45 a.m.	7:15 a.m.	7:45 a. m.
8:00 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	9:15 a. m.
9:30 a.m.	10:00 a.m.	10:15 a.m.	10:45 a. m.
11:00 p.m.	11:30 p.m.	11:45 p.m.	12:15 p. m.
12:30 p.m.	1:00 p.m.	1:15 p.m.	1:45 p. m.
2:00 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	2:45 p.m.	3:15 p. m.
3:30 p.m.	4:00 p.m.	4:15 p.m.	4:45 p. m.
5:15 p.m.	5:45 p.m.	6:15 p.m.	6:45 p. m.
7:15 p.m.	7:45 p.m.	9:45 p.m.	10:15 p. m.

N. B.—Theater nights last train leaves Roanoke at 10:45; arrives Salem 11:15 p. m. Sundays, the first run is omitted.

Trains leaving Roanoke at 8:45 a. m. and 4:15 p. m. on Salem dummy line will have baggage car attached for carrying drummers' trunks, general baggage and merchandise, beginning May 25.

VINTON ELECTRIC LINE.

Leave Roanoke.

6:00 a.m.	10:40 a.m.	3:20 p.m.	7:20 p. m
6:40 a.m.	11:20 a.m.	4:00 p.m.	8:00 p. m.
7:20 a.m.	12:00 m.	4:40 p.m.	8:40 p. m.
8:00 a.m.	12:40 p.m.	5:20 p.m.	9:20 p. m.
8:40 a.m.	1:20 p.m.	6:00 p.m.	10:00 p. m.
9:20 a.m.	2:00 p.m.	6:40 p.m.	10:40 p. m.
10:00 a.m.	2:40 p.m.		

W.F. CARR, General Manager.

THE OLD WIFE.

By the bed the old man, waiting, sat in vigil
sad and tender,
Where his aged wife lay dying; and the twilight shadows brown
Slowly from the wall and window chased the
sunset's golden splendor
Going down.

"Is it night?" she whispered, waking (for her
spirit seemed to hover
Lost between the next world's sunrise and the
bedtime cares of this),
And the old man, weak and tearful, trembling
as he bent above her
Answered: "Yes."

"Are the children in?" she asked him. Could he
tell her? All the treasures
Of their household lay in silence many years
beneath the snow;
But her heart was with them living, back among
her toils and pleasures,
Long ago.

And again she called at dewfall, in the sweet
old summer weather:
"Where is little Charlie, father? Frank and
Robert—have they come?"
"They are safe," the old man faltered—"all the
children are together,
Safe at home."

Then he murmured gentle soothings, but his
grief grew strong and stronger,
Till it choked and stilled him as he held and
kissed her wrinkled hand,
For her soul, far out of hearing, could his fondest words no longer
Understand.

Still the pale lips stammered questions, lullabies and broken verses,
Nursery prattle—all the language of a mother's
loving heeds,
While the midnight round the mourner, left to
sorrow's bitter mercies,
Wrapped its weeds.

There was stillness on the pillow—and the old
man listened lonely—
Till they led him from the chamber, with the
burden on his breast,
For the wife of seventy years, his manhood's
early love and only,
Lay at rest.

"Fare you well," he sobbed, "my Sarah; you
will meet the babes before me;
'Tis a little while, for neither can the parting
long abide,
And you'll come and call me soon, I know—and
Heaven will restore me
To your side."

—Brandon Banner.

A DILEMMA.

And How Ethel Helped Her Lover Out of It.

"I can't bring myself to submit to it. I really cannot," I said, desperately. "I would rather resign all claim to my great-aunt's fortune than go through life an object of contempt and ridicule with such a name as Peter Tubbs."

"Don't be a fool, Percy," said my Uncle Joe sharply. "Only an idiot would be silly enough to throw away a substantial benefit for the sake of a mere romantic sentiment. The name is a respectable one and won't hurt you, and on the other hand consider all the advantages which this fortune will bring you."

"As Mr. Peter Tubbs," I interrupted, bitterly. "I can't conceive how my mother's aunt could have had the heart to impose such a condition upon one whom she desired to benefit."

"The name was her father's and grandfather's, and she bestowed it upon the child whom she loved and who died in infancy. Naturally, she desired that it should continue in connection with the estate; and I really believe that but for this consideration she would have made Mrs. Granger her sole heir. As it is, the property will go to her or her children if you decline to comply with the conditions of the will."

"Who are the Grangers, anyway?" I inquired, impatiently.

"Mrs. Granger was a niece of Mr. Foster, your aunt's husband, whom they adopted. After the old gentleman's death she offended the widow by marrying against her will. That was some twenty years ago, in which time, it appears, the couple went south and have been lost sight of. The lawyers are now hunting for them, and, should Mrs. Granger not be living, the fortune goes to her children—that is, if you choose to decline it."

"But if there are no children?"

"Then it reverts to some charitable institute. Meanwhile, you have just three months allowed you in which to consider whether you will or will not accept the fortune on the conditions specified in the will; and I venture to assert that you are the only young man outside of an insane asylum who would not decide it in as many minutes.

"Nevertheless," I replied, "since I won't be at liberty to resign my place in the academy for a month to come, I will, with your permission, take that time to consider the question. I could not face the boys—nor the girls, either," I added, involuntarily wincing—"as Mr. Peter Tubbs. Good heavens! the very thought of it affects me like a nightmare!"

My uncle looked vexed, but evidently considered it best to say no more at the time. But as the last month of the school session approached, I observed that he began to look at me with an air of concern.

"These commencement exercises," he remarked, "are having a bad effect upon you; in fact, breaking you down, as anyone can see. We have both worked hard for a year past; suppose we take a vacation and rest and recuperate for awhile? I'll pay your expenses for the sake of your company; for as you know I don't like to go about myself, and your aunt Emeline prefers spending a month with her sister, where we can join them when our holiday is over."

He was bent upon carrying out this plan; wherefore the first week in July saw us established at a quiet but delightful watering place in the Virginia mountains, the inducements of which were magnificent scenery, healthful air and waters, trout fishing and "home comforts." The place seemed well patronized by elderly people and invalids, though there were fewer young persons present than at the gayer springs. Yet among the half dozen girls whose sweet presence illumined the Mountain Top hotel, there was one who fascinated me almost from the moment in which I first beheld her.

It was at one of the mineral springs at the foot of the mountain that we first met, on the day after my arrival. She and a bevy of her fair companions were laughing and chatting together about its brink when we came upon them, and, seeing that we had no drinking vessel, she dipped a silver cup into the spring and offered it with a charming grace, first to Uncle Joe, and then to me. I quaffed the healing waters, and with it the first love draught that my heart had ever known. Then we all went back to the hotel together; the fair Hebe and I, by some unaccountable arrangement, finding ourselves the last couple in the procession. She talked frankly, first about the scenery, and then lightly touching, in a charmingly original and independent way, upon various topics. I found her to be brimful of poetry and romance, without what is called "gush;" and we made the interesting discovery that our favorite poems were the same, and that upon many subjects our tastes and opinions were identical. In fact, we were kindred spirits.

Approaching the hotel, I observed a portly and comfortable-looking couple seated on the piazza, the gentleman smoking and the lady serenely fanning herself. My fair companion nodded and smiled to them, and said, laughingly:

"Aunt Patterson will be surprised to find that I have been walking with a gentleman to whom I haven't been introduced. She is the dearest soul but such an awful stickler for etiquette and conventionalities! Now, my name is Ethel Gray, and I am a niece of that nice old gentleman on the piazza there—Judge Patterson, of Wytheville."

She said this with an inimitable demure archness of expression, and I, as in duty bound, hastened to reciprocate the confidence.

"My name is Percy Howard, and I am the nephew of the respectable old gentleman walking in front of us—Mr. Joseph Barksdale, attorney-at-law, of Middleton, Pa."

She laughed, as she answered:

"What a lovely name you have! so romantic and chivalric in sound. I adore pretty names; don't you?"

I assented; but a cold chill ran through me at the thought. "Suppose I had been obliged to inform her that my name was Peter Tubbs!" And I then and there formed a solemn resolve to relinquish all claim to my Aunt Foster's fortune, and retain my own name of Percy Howard.

Henceforth the more that I saw of the fair Ethel the more enamored did I become of her sweet and winning graces. In less than a week I was convinced that she was the one woman in the world whom destiny had marked out for me, and at the end of the second week I took my uncle into my confidence and communicated to him my intention of asking her to become my wife.

"I see no objection," my uncle replied, after a moment's grave thought, "provided she will accept you. She is a charming girl—a little romantic, but sensible; and will, I am sure, make a good wife. Fortunately, your aunt's money will enable you to live in comfort, whereas without it you and your wife would starve; for, as I understand, she has nothing of her own, and is dependent on her uncle, Judge Patterson. Indeed, I heard him say yesterday that he would never consent to her marrying a poor man."

Here was a dilemma. After resolving, for Ethel's sake, to keep my name, I here found myself reduced to the alternative of relinquishing it in order to gain possession of her! To resign her I felt to be an impossibility, whereupon I at length, not without a pang, informed Uncle Joe that I had concluded to accept the conditions of my aunt's will and claim the fortune. But I should have to explain it to Ethel, and what would she say?

Ethel listened very attentively, as in a pleasant little retired nook on the lawn, called "the lovers' seat," I told her about my great-aunt's will and its absurd condition. Her sweet face was full of sympathy, but when I asked her to share with me my life and my fortune, there came an ominous silence. She looked down, and with the point of her parasol carefully turned over and examined a firefly which lay motionless upon the grass.

"Ethel!" I exclaimed, anxiously, "if you have any feeling of pity, give me an answer at once. I cannot bear this suspense. Surely you do not care for me!"

"I—I do care for you, Percy," she said, slowly, and then paused. Apparently she had satisfied herself that the fly was dead, for she now began absently to dig a grave with her parasol into which she lightly shoveled him, then added, sadly: "But I don't know that I can marry you."

"Why not, darling? What obstacle is there?"

"Why, only think, Percy, what a dreadful thing it would be to have to go through my whole life as—as Mrs. Peter Tubbs!" And here she hastily covered up the firefly and buried it out of sight, as though it had been that hated name.

"I know it, darling," I answered, sadly and sympathetically. "I hate the name as much as you can possibly do, but surely you love me sufficiently to be willing to make that sacrifice rather than cast me off entirely!"

"But," she answered, glancing up appealingly from under her long lashes, "could not you make a sacrifice for my sake? Give up the money and keep your beautiful name."

"But, dearest, we should be so poor! I could not think of exposing you to the trials and ills of poverty—"

"Oh, I don't care for money!" she interrupted, brightly. "We could live in a nice little cottage, which I could make lovely with roses and honeysuckle; and I would learn to cook—it's all the fashion now for ladies to take cooking lessons—and we could be just as happy there as in a palace. If you do truly love me, Percy, give up the fortune; for really I could never be happy as Mrs. Peter Tubbs; and I'm not sure but that—perhaps—I should not be able to love you so much if you were not Percy Howard, but Peter Tubbs. It's silly, I know; but I always associate people with their names

This last consideration was a s one, as I felt, and I sat in silence, while Ethel commenced scraping bits of gravel on the grave of the firefly.

"Suppose you take until to-morrow to think it over?" she suggested; "and then I shall know how much you do really care for me."

And then she rose and we sauntered slowly back to the hotel; she apparently placid and serene, while my heart was sorely troubled with the dilemma, out of which I saw no safe way.

When next morning we met in the same spot she had not long to wait for my answer. I told her at once that I cared for nothing on earth in comparison with her, and that if she would only promise to be my wife—to be Mrs. Percy Howard—my Aunt Foster's money might go to Mrs. Granger and welcome.

I can never forget the radiant look with which she turned to me—tears in her eyes, but a lovely smile on her lip

"Then you do love me—better than this money!" she exclaimed. "I am so glad—so happy!" And she looked up into my eyes and held out both her hands.

"But, darling, do you think that you will really be satisfied with living in a cottage and doing your own cooking?" I inquired somewhat anxiously.

She laughed gayly.

"We shall never be reduced to that, Percy. We will keep your name and the money all the same."

"But, dearest, that will be impossible. You don't seem to fully understand—"

"Oh, yes I do," she interrupted, with a little exultant sort of a smile and toss of her head. "And now please let me make an explanation in my turn. Mrs. Granger, your aunt's niece, became a widow shortly after her marriage, and was married again to Mr. Walter Gray. They were my own dear parents, and they both died when I was a little girl. So now, don't you see that since you positively decline to take the name of Peter Tubbs, I am your aunt Foster's heiress by the conditions of her will? And so, as I said, we will keep your name and get the money all the same; for every cent of it shall be settled upon yourself. I wouldn't know what to do with it if it were mine, you know."

I could hardly believe my ears, and in fact scarcely comprehended the situation until it was again explained to me by my uncle Joe.

"When I learned from Mrs. Foster's lawyers," he said, "that Mrs. Granger's only child had been found—and that she was a very charming girl and the niece and ward of my old college friend, Frank Patterson, and that they were spending the summer at this place, why the idea occurred to me of bringing you down here and affording you a chance of getting out of your dilemma one way or the other. Now that it is so satisfactorily settled, I trust that you will forgive my scheming."

But Ethel, like myself, ignorant of the plot between the old folks, took to herself all the credit.

"You thought me hard and unfeeling, Percy; but, dear, I only wanted to save you from the misery of owning that horrid name, and at the same time secure the money to you. For now that the poor old lady is dead, it can make no difference to her, as when she was alive. And I managed it so nicely, didn't I?"—Susan A. Weiss, in Detroit Free Press.

AN ORNAMENT TO JOURNALISM.

He Knew How to Work a Snap and to Get Over the Editor.

"You can't most always tell about these young men who do newspaper work," remarked a New York editor to a party of journalists. "I had heard that they hadn't very good business ideas, however bright they might be in other respects, and I was a little careless, perhaps. Anyway, once when I wanted the services of one to tone up my paper I called for specimen stuff, and from one chap in a near-by country town I received such excellent work that I invited him to come in and see me. He came and I found him an ideal humorist and as guileless as he was ideal.

"I wanted a column a week, and he agreed to furnish it at twenty-five dollars a column, with five dollars off for each joke that was not copied by some of my illustrious and esteemed contemporaries; or he would do it for fifteen dollars straight. I snapped up the twenty-five dollar proposition, for I was sure that out of a dozen or fifteen jokes, and verses, and gags a week certainly not more than half could be good enough to catch on all around. He had an idea that he was a great humorist and I had an idea for business and also to teach him that humility which doth so become a journalist. I signed a contract for a year on these terms and he went to work.

"The first week he sent in ten squibs of various lengths, and they were good, but I calculated not more than half would go the rounds and I would be even. Within a week thereafter I received the Podunk Banner, or some such paper, with the entire column copied, and of course I whacked up the twenty-five dollars. The next week the Banner copied the whole lot again and I put up my twenty-five dollars as before. Well, to make a long story short, that Podunk Banner, week after week, copied every squib, and at last I wrote to the Banner to find out who its editor was, when, lo and behold! he was the father-in-law of my humorist, and that guileless funny man was having fun with me in a way that I despised. It was too late, however, to kick, and as he wrote good stuff I hadn't any occasion to, only I did swear at myself every now and then for not having accepted his proposition of fifteen dollars a week straight and left it to somebody else to teach humility to a great American humorist."—Detroit Free Press.

—Unpoetic Chicago.—She—"Do you think Chicago will ever be a literary center?" He—"Possibly to some extent in prose, but never in poetry." She—"And why not in poetry?" He—"Well, it is so meat now, it can never be meter."—Detroit Free Press.

KNIGHTS OF THE RAZOR.

The Sectional Peculiarities of the "Tonsorial Parlor."

They Differ as the Beards—In Gotham Superfluous Hair Is Gently Wooed Away and Montana Bay Rum Is Murderous.

"Where do you get shaved?"

"On the face," replies the perennial humorist.

But it is no joke. There is a marked difference in the manner of shaving. This leads to a preference in barbers. The man who posseses a palm like a nutmeg grater will never have a second chance at tender-faced victims.

In Washington, according to the New York Recorder, there is an extemporaneous colored barber. That is, he uses labor-saving devices as they occur to him.

One of his fads is to jab his patient's ear full of lather. While this is not agreeable to his victim, it saves him money in stepping to and from the shaving mug. When he requires a little more lather for a sandy place on the chin he takes it out of the ear and rubs it in, otherwise he would have to walk around to the cup. This little peculiarity is offset by his silken fingers which keep his custom.

In Richmond and other southern cities the barbers still stick to the long whisk-broom, the brush being about three feet long and six inches wide. At the conclusion of a shave, the barber will throw this as a knife thrower fires his blade into a board. It generally hits the customer between the shoulder blades, and, if the sensation is a new one, he thinks he is assaulted. Then follows a rhythmic rub-a-dub played on the back, while the barber hums a tune in accompaniment.

Before the advent of natural gas in Pittsburgh, all the barbers were wont to wash their customers' faces first to see where the beard lay, and also the texture of the growth. The soot-laden air rendered this necessary, but as the neck was only washed down to the towels inserted over the collar, the line of demarkation was visible when the customer regained the street.

In Chicago this washing preface is still indulged in more or less.

Windy city tonsorial artists boast of another little peculiarity. Instead of fanning or rubbing the face dry after the bay rum, the Chicago barber takes a napkin by one corner and whirls it around in front of his subject's face as if he was flagging a train.

It is alleged that in the St. Louis barber shops, patronized by the river men, sand soap is used to produce the lather. Several of the river barbers, though, use an astringent instead of bay rum. They say that its concoction is a secret, but it dents the face and so intimidates the growth of hair that each individual hair curls back in alarm, on the inside of the skin. When it grows again it comes out like a fish hook.

There is a current rumor that the prevalence of goatees and imperials among Missourians and steamboat men is due to the fact that the barbers are unable to shave the capillary growth in the dimples of their chins.

In Montana, however, the art of shaving has reached the height of culture. The road agent's beard is a popular one. This style is the one with which the celebrated desperado, Henry Plummer, framed his mouth. It consists of a mustache and chin whisker. As "two bits," or twenty-five cents, is the price of a shave, the mere shaving of the cheeks does not appear to furnish the money's worth. It is on the chin and throat, anyhow, that the barber earns his money.

In order to give the worth of the money the Montana barber indulges in bay rum. It is bay rum which would eat the varnish from a table or draw knots out of a board.

It bites.

That is what a native Montanian wants. He desires to realize that he is shaved, and he wants his bay rum to take hold.

He is satisfied, but it is almost death to the tenderfoot, whose mossy cheeks are blistered an eighth of an inch deep.

The Mecca of good barbers, however, is New York, and the shaving process in this city has reached the pinnacle of art. Each hair is moved from off the face with razors whose edges rival the Damascus blade The soap which trains down into lather is the finest, with the odors of spices putting to shame those of Araby the blest.

A Gotham shave admits a man into society if the artistic work of a genius, or causes divorce if maneuvered by his own hands.

Canine Courage.

Animals, as a rule, understand who their friends are. The Washington Post tells the story of a dog whose eyes had been treated by an oculist, to his great relief. The trouble returned, and the dog's master determined to take him to the oculist's a second time. Flim Flam seemed to know where he was going, for, on entering the square where the oculist had his office, he raced ahead of his master and up the steps, where he had been once before, and on the door being opened bolted straight for the treatment-room, instead of waiting his turn downstairs, as two-legged patients learn to do to their sorrow and impatience. This time the treatment was a zinc solution that was very severe and brought the water in streams from the patient's eyes, but he took it with his nose in the air, never wincing, and the only sign of feeling he made was to hold out one paw pathetically for his master's hand.

Each Man His Own Chandelier.

A curious scene is witnessed during the winter months in the parish church of Capel-le-Ferne, Kent, England. There are no means of lighting this church, so that the worshipers are required to carry their own lights, and it is no uncommon sight to see a member of the congregation standing during the singing of the hymns with book in one hand and a candle or lamp in the other.